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FRIENDS.

THE social feeling is one which very readily accommodates itself to circumstances. It can, in spite of a well-known proverb, exist in a certain state among the moral outcasts of society, as well as among the most cultivated and most pure. It can even exist between the highest and the lowest of the animal creation—let the tale of the Bastille prisoner and the mouse tell with what intensity. Hence every man is found surrounded or associated with a certain set of people, whom he calls his friends, usually composed in part of a few of his near kinsfolk, and, in part, of a variety of other people, with whom he transacts business, with whom he takes walks, with whom he acts in some public institution, or with whom he eats and drinks. Let no one smile at the last-mentioned cause of association. A common indulgence of the love of aliment at one board, especially if there be an unusual hunger, or, from any other cause, an unusual relish, inspires at least a temporary attachment in minds the most homely and most various. The only condition is, that the indulgence shall be contemporaneous: the man who sits down after the rest are satisfied, is excluded from this bond of sympathy. Attachment of the same inferior and temporary kind arises from a common indulgence of other animal feelings; it is very conspicuous in those who hunt together. In general, as the world is now constituted, the people whom one calls his friends, are not people calculated to realise, in any considerable degree, the abstract idea of friendship. To judge from the visions of the poets, a friend ought to be just another self, one ready to sacrifice himself on all occasions for one, and into whose sympathetic bosom one could never pour his sorrows without finding relief. But, with the most of people, what are friends in reality? Is there not an almost universal complaint as to the futility of all such associations, considered as means for producing happiness?

Indeed it is too often found, in the present state of things, that those worshipful personages called one's friends are rather a plague than a blessing. As remarked in a former paper, it was never yet said that Mr Wilson was paying his addresses to Miss Smith, but the next sentence stated that the friends of the parties were giving them all the uneasiness possible. In the current affairs of life, one is somewhat independent; but there are a few occasions when all freedom of personal will must be resigned. You cannot be set up in the world, you cannot enter upon an extraordinary enterprise, you cannot be born, married, or buried, without the aid, countenance, and interference of friends. They also come very powerfully in upon any occasion of deadly quarrel. A gentleman then puts himself and his honour into the hands of his friends, and fights or does not fight, at their discretion. He might himself be willing to overlook the petulance which gave him offence, but his friends say he must not, and out they drag him to the field, plant him like an automaton against another automaton also in the hands of friends, and, triggers being pulled, down he falls, mortally wounded perhaps, or down goes his antagonist in the same condition, to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned. The friends generally manage these matters with admirable delicacy and adroitness: their coolness in the expenditure of the life-blood of the principal is quite surprising; their firmness while he is standing fire, most meritorious; their adjustment, in that trying hour, of little questions of etiquette, generally conducted with the most praiseworthy nicety. They come back with their friend killed in the most gentlemanly manner, and without one rule of punctilio having been transgressed.

Occasionally one hears reference made to friends, as persons who are to do some good, or at least to give some good advice, which is one of their favourite modes of gratifying their benevolence. It is said of some person, "I hear his friends are to come forward;" by which it is understood that they are to open their pockets in his behalf. Such things do occur, I believe, and so do earthquakes, though seldom felt except at Comrie and Chichester. But, generally speaking, friends are more frequently heard of for evil than for good. They are either crossing some young folk in love, or plaguing some unfortunate married pair with their capricious and insatiable claims, or urging on some unhappy wight to slay or be slain. What is the strangest thing of all, every living person, however he may suffer from his friends in any of these ways, is converted into a pesterer when it comes to be his turn! As "the public" means everybody besides one's self, but may, when pronounced by another, include you among the rest, so does the phrase "my friends" mean a certain set of persons over and above myself, but in which I am liable to be involved when another individual is speaking. It is my fate to be wedded and tormented to-day; and three months hence, when one of those who are now tormenting me takes his turn of matrimony, I straight repay the compliment, and become one of his tormentors in return. Mankind in this way enter into a general bond of botheration, an universal family compact of fractiousness and fret; and when each individual has got through the world, he would generally find, upon a candid review, if such were possible, that he had given as much trouble as he had got.

In one point of view, friends might be considered as a visionary sort of beings. People are sometimes heard to say, "I consulted my friends, and they all recommended me to withdraw my name from the list of candidates;" or (this is a more critical case) "I have been urged by all my friends to publish my play;" or, "My friends were all of opinion that I was completely exonerated from all further obligation;" when it appears highly probable that they hardly know what they mean by their friends. They perhaps broached the subject one day to an acquaintance on the street, and obtained from him a concurrence in their own opinion or inclination, given in the usual way without reflection, and from mere complaisance. And this they call consulting their friends. In fact, "my friends" is in a great measure a phrase of convenience—an empty designation for a vague and self-concocted notion—a specious and sounding way of setting off a weak idea. It saves the necessity of specifying a few names that would make no great figure if specified, but, when generalised in this way, carry a certain weight by their apparent plurality. No one could think of arguing down the opinion or professions of "my friends;" the collective everpowers them. By such usage, however, my friends have acquired a somewhat ideal character. Hearing them so often spoken of without any substantial name connected with them, one is apt to form the conclusion that they are people without any local habitation on earth, or any bodily substance. They seem to loom along the dim horizon of the imagination like ghosts. We picture them as a sort of aerial personal pronouns—each only a Wandering Voice, as Wordsworth poetically images the cuckoo. Perhaps the sylphs and gnomes, the kind and mischievous spirits of the Rosicrucian philosophy, which Pope has introduced so beautifully into his Rape of the Lock, were meant to prefigure one's friends; only, the gnomes may be supposed to be the spirits predominating in number, as well as in individual influence.

Is friendship, then, designed to be only "a name"—are men in no circumstances to enjoy the pleasures which poets and moralists have ascribed to this sentiment? We shall endeavour to answer these questions. The friendly or social feeling, we have said, is to be found in all spheres of life, and even among the lower orders of creation. It is, indeed, one of the lowest class of the human feelings, and common to both man and animals. In the most of men it is found only in connection with inferior feelings. Some bring friends around them to impress them with a sense of their importance by a show of fine furniture and excellent wines. Some extend the hand of fellowship in the hope of making something by the man to whom they extend it. Some, in forming friendships, think only of the éclat of being seen in the company of persons whose acquaintance is supposed to be an honour. Some have no other feeling in regard to those whom they consider as their friends, than the sympathy arising from an occasional participation in gross indulgences. Where friendships are formed on such principles, by persons of kindred character, they last only while the low feelings which form their groundwork continue to receive gratification. The moment that that gratification ceases, the friendship, or rather supposed friendship, parts like a rope of sand. Again, individuals who are moved by higher feelings, occasionally, from deficient intellect, or want of a due exercise of the intellect, bestow their friendship upon persons totally unworthy of it. Incapable themselves of acting unjustly towards any fellow-creature, kind and respectful to all, they send forth their affections, like the blessed rain of heaven, alike upon the just and the unjust, the good and the grovelling. It is not, of course, surprising that they are frequently disappointed, and at last feel inclined, so far as the indestructible good that is within them will allow, to repudiate mankind at large as unworthy and unprofitable.

When the mean break friendship with the mean, no one has occasion to lament, except perhaps the philanthropist, who may desire to see mankind rise above their lower feelings. When the good is disappointed in the hopes he had formed respecting the object of his friendly feelings, we may not only lament, but point out a remedy. The good must be impressed with this great truth, that, while an equality of worldly circumstances is convenient, an equality of mental character is indispensable, to friendship, whether it is to be of the lowest or the highest character, whether it is to be the friendship of a day, or the friendship that will outlive life itself. If they desire to have friends, they must search patiently and with discrimination, till they discover beings like themselves, ready to repay disinterested kindness with kindness equally disinterested, incapable of requiring a sacrifice greater than what justice would approve, yielding respect in return for respect, and in general loving and delighting in the same objects and pursuits. Such are the persons marked out for the friendship of the good; and it is beyond doubt that such associations must be productive of the highest and most real pleasure, seeing that the sentiments which they call into exercise are just those which were designed to yield the highest gratification, next to a hopeful intercommunion with things above the present world.

Though the conditions required for this only true and complete friendship may perhaps be found more frequently in one walk of life than in another, they are not exclusive to any. The present writer is inclined, upon recollection, to say that the purest friendship he ever witnessed was exemplified by persons in a remarkably humble sphere. It was once his fortune, in the execution of a public duty, to become acquainted

with two humble females, who, in a suburban cottage of the meanest character, subsisted upon the sale of fruit and articles of coarse confectionery, seldom possessing a stock of above twenty shillings' value, and yet were not by any means, properly speaking, poor. Humble as they seemed, they had established a difference of rank. The superior, who was always styled *Mistress*, and was apparently the remains of an ancient housekeeper, dressed neatly, and usually sat in the back room, exempt from work, and mostly employed in reading books of devotion. The other, designated by the servile name of Nelly, and the elder, though the less infirm of the two, was a woman of much plainer aspect and attire, and generally sat in the doorway in attendance upon business, filling up her spare time with the manufacture of cloth shoes, which was another department of their trade. To what extent the mistress assisted in preparing the articles of their traffic, or in superintending the general concerns, I am unable to say; but she always appeared as a clean and leisurely old woman—gentlewoman I could almost have said—while Nelly not only acted as shopkeeper, but went on errands, and performed all the ordinary drudgery of the household. How an association of this kind could have originated in so humble a sphere of existence, it would be difficult to determine: whether the service of the inferior was rendered solely through affection, whether it took its rise in some earlier and happier circumstances, or was the result of the advantage, on the one side, of possessing a few articles of furniture and a few shillings of capital, and the disadvantage, on the other, of wanting even those poor trifles, I could never divine. There was a modest mystery about the pair, which friendly feeling would not, and impertinent curiosity could not, penetrate. But the picture which they presented was one not easily to be forgotten. Though their respective stations were surprisingly well defined, in as far as dress and occupation could do so, they were in other respects companions and friends. And such a friendship—so much respectful and affectionate attendance on the one part—so much gentleness and gratitude on the other! So thorough an union of interests—so perfect a sense of mutual dependence! In general, the mistress was the more feeble and sickly: she was much afflicted with rheumatism, and used to wear most portentous swaddlings of flannel. But the relation of servant and mistress depended much on the degrees of their respective illness and welfare; and whenever Nelly happened to be the weakest, the other became for the time the drudge, and rendered all the kind attendance of which she was more accustomed to be the object. In their mode of living there was no distinction. They occupied the same room and bed, partook together of the same humble but not insufficient or uncomfortable meals, and walked together to church, Nelly supporting her mistress-friend with one arm, and under the other carrying a large New Testament; a situation not the least interesting in which they were occasionally seen by the writer of this paper. They also used to mingle freely together in conversation with visitors, as if they had no desire of appearing as otherwise than equals. In truth, a community of gentle, patient, and affectionate feeling, respecting each other, mingling upwards with common aspirations and common hopes, had twined them together in bonds indissoluble except by death. I regret that their ultimate history, which must have long since been closed, is unknown to me. But the friendship which they realised in life was such as might fairly be expected to soothe the latter moments of this frail being; and if it could be supposed that they declined to the grave together, I cannot conceive life coming to a conclusion under circumstances more peaceful or more happy.

CONSUMPTION AND REPRODUCTION.

In a late article entitled "Wants," it was shown that the desire of gratifications for our various faculties and appetites was the cause why industry exerted itself to produce such gratifications, and consequently was the source of national as well as individual wealth. As this is a subject of much importance, and one on which many false notions prevail, it may be worth while to explain the doctrine of the consumption of wealth at greater length.

Consumption is that branch of political economy which refers to the use and wearing out of the products of industry, or of all things having an exchangeable value. Commodities are in general produced, in order that they may be used; and hence consumption may be said to be the chief end and object of human exertion. Commodities may either be intended to satisfy the immediate wants and add to the enjoyment of their producers, or to be employed for the purpose of reproducing a greater value than themselves. Some are entirely destroyed by use, such as food; others are preserved in their pristine value, as the precious stones, though their appropriation by individuals for ornament must still be considered as consumption; some, when used in one form, leave remnants which may be used in another—as clothes, when reduced to rags, become paper. With regard to the last kind of use, it has been remarked that the arts will adapt even the used elements of war to what may be called a second utility: thus the bones scattered by Napoleon on the cold plains of Russia were conveyed to Britain, and there applied with great success to the improvement of land.

The production of wealth was not left by providence to an exact rational calculation of what was required for consumption. It was entrusted to instinctive propensities, which act independently of reason, though designed to be guided by it, and are exemplified in their extreme forms in those who toil and hoard without enjoying. In consequence of men toiling and hoarding without the express design of consuming what they produce and acquire, a nation comes in time to have stock or capital, which is of the greatest service to it, both as a means of still further increasing its resources, and to guard against periods of want. Indeed, it is in a great measure to these propensities that we owe our possessing any thing above the range of our immediate wants, and the immense population which now exists where formerly there were only a few barbarous tribes.

But, in a general point of view, as already mentioned, consumption sooner or later is the object and end of production, and also, by reaction, its cause. It is impossible to conceive a great production going on for a considerable time without a great consumption. It is the knowledge that articles are wanted for consumption, or that, if presented to the senses, they would be wanted, that prompts men to produce them. Political economists, however, distinguish two kinds of consumption. The consumption of any given quantity of the products of art and industry is called by them *productive*, if it directly or indirectly occasions the production of the same or a larger quantity of equally valuable products, and unproductive if it have not that effect. They regard not the manner in which the consumption has taken place, or how it affects individual interests: they look only to the results. To prove, for instance, that a quantity of wealth has been productively employed, they hold it not enough to be told that it has been expended in the improvement of the soil, in the cutting of a canal, or in any similar undertaking; for it may have been laid out injudiciously, or in such a way that it cannot reproduce itself. Neither, in order to prove that a quantity of wealth has been laid out unproductively, is it, in their opinion, enough to tell that it has been expended in equipages or entertainments; for the desire to indulge in this expense may have been the cause that the wealth was originally produced, and the desire to indulge in similar expense may occasion the subsequent production of a still greater quantity.* So far as the public interest is concerned (and they profess to regard no other), it is enough that consumption causes the replacement of the same or a greater amount of wealth. It is plain, they add, that, on the balance between consumption and reproduction, the advancement or decline of every nation is dependent. If, in given periods, the commodities produced in a country exceed those consumed in it, the means of increasing its capital will be provided, and its population will increase, or the actual numbers will be better accommodated, or both. If the consumption in such periods fully equal the reproduction, no means will be afforded of increasing the stock or capital of the nation, and society will be at a stand; and if the consumption exceed the reproduction, every succeeding period will see the society worse supplied: its prosperity and population will evidently decline, and pauperism will gradually spread over the whole country.†

"The mere necessities of life," says McCulloch, "may be obtained with comparatively little labour; and those uncivilised tribes who have no desire to possess its comforts, are proverbially indolent and dissipated. To make men industrious—to make them shake off that lethargy which benumbs their faculties when in a rude and depressed condition, they must be inspired with a taste for the comforts, luxuries, and enjoyments of civilised life. When this is done, their artificial wants become equally clamorous with those which are strictly necessary, and they increase exactly as the means of gratifying them increase. Whenever a taste for comforts and conveniences has been generally diffused, the desires of man become altogether unlimited. The gratification of one leads directly to the formation of another. In highly civilised societies, new products and new modes of enjoyment are constantly presenting themselves as motives to exertion, and as means of rewarding it. Perseverance is, in consequence, given to all the operations of industry; and idleness, and its attendant train of evils, almost entirely disappear. 'What,' asks Dr Paley, 'can be less necessary, or less connected with the sustentation of human life, than the whole produce of the silk, lace, and plate manufactory? Yet what multitudes labour in the different branches of these arts! What can be imagined more capricious than the fondness for tobacco and snuff? Yet how many various occupations, and how many thousands in each, are set at work in administering to this frivolous gratification! The stimulus which the desire to possess these articles gives to industry, renders their introduction advantageous. The earth is capable of furnishing food adequate for the support of a much greater number of human beings than can be employed in its cultivation. But those who are in possession of the soil will not part with their produce for nothing, or rather they will not raise at all what they can neither use themselves nor exchange for what they want. As soon, however, as a taste for conveniences and luxuries has been introduced, the occupiers of the ground extort from it the utmost

that it can be made to produce, and exchange the surplus for the conveniences and gratifications they are desirous of obtaining: and, in consequence, the producers of these articles, though they have neither property in the soil nor any concern in its cultivation, are regularly and liberally supplied with its produce. In this way the quantity of *necessaries*, as well as of useful and agreeable products, is vastly increased by the introduction of a taste for luxuries; and the population is not only better provided for, but rapidly augmented."

The doctrine of consumption with regard to the general interest, is in every respect applicable to individuals. Consumption is advantageous to all when it leads to the reproduction of something equal or superior to that consumed; that is to say, it is advantageous to every man that he should have a high standard of wants, if it induces him to exert himself for their constant supply, or for the laying up of a store for their subsequent gratification. As in the case of nations, if his consumption be less than his reproduction, he acquires stock or capital; if it exceed his reproduction, it leads to impoverishment, and all its attendant train of evils. Political economy, after bringing the doctrine to this point, leaves nations and individuals alike to be guided by other considerations in the expenditure of their wealth.

It is obviously a primary duty in both to see that they do not allow their consumption to exceed their means of reproduction. It is seldom that nations err in this respect, for, in a large community, the undue sparing of one makes up for the undue spending of another, and the balance is thus preserved. It is only when a state is tempted, by violent passions and ignorance of its true interests, to rush into wars, or is called upon to defend itself against the aggressions of violent and ignorant neighbours, that its resources are likely to be exhausted by excessive consumption. A vulgar idea prevails that war is a source of profitable employment, and is therefore no evil. In reality, every man whom it abstracts from the ranks of the industrious, every coin which it causes to be spent upon accoutrements, weapons, and ammunition, is a loss to the commonwealth, and, from the nature of things, can in no case be reckoned as productive consumption. It is true, if we could suppose war to be in any case appreciated, for some moral reason, or as a luxury, and the nation thereby spirited up to supply the waste by increased production, then would its expenses fall under the denomination of productive consumption. But we know that this is never the case, and that its expenses are consequently to all intents and purposes an unreplaced abstraction from the wealth of nations.

The error of excessive consumption is more frequently exemplified by individuals. They thus occasion a mischief exactly analogous to that produced by war: the capital of the individuals who have trusted them, or from whom they may have in any manner derived the means of their undue gratifications, is to that extent destroyed; and since the industry of the injured parties may depend on their capital, which supplies them with tools to work with, materials to work upon, and a stock of clothing, food, and accommodations, until they can obtain the returns of their industry by a sale of its products, the loss of this capital, by trusting it to one who never pays them, is a destruction of their industry.

The advantages, moreover, which political economy points out as accruing to individuals from productive consumption, are bounded by other considerations of not less importance. If we indulge in luxuries to occasion the breach of the physical, organic, or moral laws, by which we must be constantly guided, more harm may arise from the breach of those laws than good can be expected from reproduction. If a desire to possess a horse causes more exertion than is necessary for the purchase of the horse, it is well; but if we desire to have a horse for the purpose of riding steeple-chases, by which our bones and even our lives are endangered, the results of our consequent industry may form but a poor set-off against the evils flowing from that which was its object. If we desire to enjoy good viands and pleasant wines, and consequently work harder than may be necessary for furnishing our tables with those enjoyments, it is well; but if we cannot restrain ourselves in the enjoyment of good viands and liquor, and thereby injure our health, and bring ourselves to a premature grave, we for certain are doing more harm than good. Again, if the indulgences which we desire be of a kind which occasion, either in ourselves or others, the breach of the moral or intellectual laws, the degree of our error can hardly be so small as to be compensated by any degree of wealth which, for the sake of such indulgences, we can add to the national stock. It is also to be observed, that our exertions, for however innocent ends they may be made, must be regulated, in their degree and mode, by a regard to all the natural laws, physical, organic, and moral. When we say that consumption is good because it causes reproduction, we mean that the consequent exertions for reproduction must be such as man may properly make. If the reproduction can only be effected by the exposure of life and limb to violence, by an overtaking of the muscles and brain, by working in a place unfavourable to health, or by tricks and expedients calculated to vitiate the character of him who condescends to them, and to interfere with the interests of others, then better it were that neither consumption nor reproduction took place.

* McCulloch's Principles of Political Economy, second edition, 513.

† Ibid.

An attempt was made by Dr Adam Smith to establish a criterion of productive or unproductive consumption, by a reference to the effects of the various kinds of exertion. He conceived those labours to be productive which improved or created some tangible article of value, and those to be unproductive which consisted merely in some service or ministration to our tastes and appetites. Manufacturers he considered productive; servants, physicians, clergymen, players, authors, and so forth, as unproductive. It has been pointed out, however, not only that they are alike in ministering to enjoyments or desires, but also that they expressly resemble each other in the insubstantial nature of their services; the rearing of bullocks, for instance, being the same as cooking or serving them up, the inventing of improvements in the steam-engine the same as producing the actual engine. "He has made a distinction," says McCulloch, "where there is none, and where it is not in the nature of things that there can be any. The end of all human exertion is the same; that is, to increase the sum of necessities, comforts, and enjoyments; and it must be left to the judgment of every one to determine what proportion of these comforts he will have in the shape of menial services, and what in the shape of material products."

We have only one more observation to make, and we shall convey it in the language of the able writer just quoted. "It is not meant, by any thing now stated, to imply that the stimulus given to industry and invention by a desire to indulge in luxurious gratifications, is the best imaginable stimulus. Undoubtedly, it were far better were the immense sums that are so often lavished on the most ridiculous frivolities, applied to some useful art, science, or industrious undertaking, or expended in relieving those whom accident or misfortune has involved in unmerited distress. But we have to deal with man as he is, and not as we might wish him to be. And so selfish is human nature, that the desire of doing good to others, or of promoting the interests of science, has never, generally speaking, influenced man half so strongly as the desire to command some additional, though perhaps trivial, personal indulgence. The selfish passions are not, however, strengthened by a taste for luxurious accommodations. On the contrary, experience shows that when this taste is comparatively feeble, sloth and barbarism uniformly usurp its place; and that the more generous sympathies are always most powerful in opulent, industrious, and refined communities."

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

[From Mr Fay's Contributions to the New York Mirror.]

It is wealth full of pleasures, it is also full of danger. I should wish my son to possess riches, but not until after he had suffered poverty. A man can best examine human nature from a low hovel or beneath a humble dress. He will then make a thousand discoveries, which are secrets to one bred up in luxury. He will detect the worthlessness of much that is showy, and find greatness of soul and beautiful displays of virtue and talent where he least expected. The flatterer pulls off his mask when he comes into his presence. The virtues of the meek and the good shine out to his eyes with their true lustre. The deccits, the hollow show, and all the artificial appearances kept up before the powerful, are laid aside for the humble, who see them in their real shapes and colour. The former resembles a spectator in the boxes of the theatre during a representation; the latter a wanderer behind the scenes, who beholds the performers in their actual characters. Wealth exercises several bad influences upon young men. It deprives them of the stimulus to severe application, and crowds their path with temptations to pleasure. How many strong intellects must have lain idle thus, like labourers in the sunshine, their work undone because their wants were supplied! How many more noble characters, now seen through past history, would have gone down to obscurity undistinguished, but that want urged them to exertions, in the course of which their talents were developed, and their integrity brought to the test! Plutarch relates that when Mark Antony was in adversity, he voluntarily yielded to the severest toils and privations to which the meanest of his troops were subjected, and discovered so many noble qualities, that, had we seen no more of his life, we might justly set him down as a great and virtuous hero; but when the tide of fortune again turned in his favour, he became again enervated, licentious, and cruel, so that he now appears one of the most degraded of men.

To the conclusion which we naturally draw from this occurrence, there are doubtless many exceptions. The rich are not necessarily bad, or the poor great, but we speak only of the influences of the two circumstances of being.

George and Thomas were friends at school. Both were young, clear-headed, and good-humoured, neither being remarkable for any quality of person or mind. They were just like other boys, having nothing in their bearing to indicate whether they were to turn out corsairs, poets, or orators. If there was observable in them any thing worthy of remark, it was the general similarity of their tastes, minds, and dispositions. They were both satisfied to beat the hoop, fly the kite, and spin the top, without wearing out their schoolbooks by any unnecessary application, for both

would rather have their ears boxed than study a lesson. The two boys at school were, however, early handed over to the different influences which coloured their future career, and these were not long in becoming perceptible in their conduct and character. George and Thomas were placed at school by their parents at about the same period. Thomas was brought by his mother. The carriage door was opened by a footman, who helped the young master down the steps with particular care, paying him at the same time the most respectful deference.

"I have brought you my boy Master Thomas, Mr Robertson," said the fond parent to the conductor of the academy, while her eyes glistened with maternal affection. "I have brought you my boy, and I shall leave him in your care, I hope, for several years."

"We will do all we can to repay your confidence, Mrs Green. What are your particular wishes respecting his studies? Will you have them selected with a view to any particular profession?"

"Why, my dear sir, it has pleased Providence to endow us with an ample fortune, and he is our only hope; of course we wish him to receive the education of a gentleman; but it is not probable he will ever have to work for his living."

"Then, I suppose, a thorough English course of lessons. Let him be well grounded in rhetoric, mathematics, and—"

"Oh, my dear sir, no. There is no use of his straining his tender mind with such hard studies. Make a gentleman of him, but not a pedagogue." Mr Robertson smiled and bowed.

"If there was the slightest possibility of his ever having to earn his own bread, it would alter the case; but you know, my dear sir, there must be a difference between poor people and rich." "He must learn music then, I suppose?" said Mr Robertson. "Oh, music! certainly, divine music. I wish him to read it at sight. You will find a guitar among his things; and I wish you to see particularly that he practises. You know that keeps him busy, and does not hurt his eyes. See," she added affectionately, placing her hand, glittering with jewels, beneath the youngster's chin, and pushing back the hair from his forehead, "dear little fellow, his eyes are already very, very weak."

"Do you wish him to study any of the classical languages, madam?" "Who? what?" said Mrs Green, looking up. "Latin and Greek, madam. Or should you prefer Spanish and French?" "Should you like to study Latin and Greek and Spanish and French, my dear Tom, or any of the other classical languages?"

The boy sulked a little, put his finger in his mouth, and looked down on the floor. The mother kissed him again. "Oh, do just what you like with him, Mr Robertson; only never punish him, if you please; he is very tender disposed, and can't bear to be whipped; and of all things make him attend to his music and dancing; and I wish very much to have him study Italian, it's so useful in singing. Pray, my dear, stand up straight, and be a good boy, and behave like a gentleman; and here's some money for you, my dear, and you shall often come home and see us."

So saying, although the tears were in her eyes (for mothers are still mothers, whether learned or unlearned), she smiled graciously on Mr Robertson; kissed little Tom again and again; went away a few steps, came back exclaiming, "the dear, dear little dear;" kissed him again, and disappeared. The boy was conducted among his companions in due form, and soon began to be interested in the sports.

A short time afterwards, a man, dressed in a plain grey suit, with a cane, and feet dusty from an apparently long walk, stopped before the door of the academy. He held by the hand a little boy. The new comers entered, and the elder addressed himself to Mr Robertson, with whom he had been previously acquainted, with the brevity of a man of business.

"My son, Master George Steele, sir. I wish to place him at your school. His trunk will be here immediately from the neighbouring town, where the stage left us." The conversation usual on such occasions then ensued. Inquiries into the boy's age, tastes, capacities, &c. were made and satisfied, and the directions of the parent given respecting the course of study to be pursued.

"Above all things," said Mr Steele, "let him form habits of strictly moral conduct and of severe industry, and subject himself to the discipline of the school without a murmur. If he does not like the place, he may quit it; but while in it, he must make no disturbance of any kind, but treat every one with respect. He will have to make his own way through the world. I have been unfortunate, and have nothing whatever to leave him but a good education. If he is worth any thing, this will be sufficient; if he is idle and irresolute, he will sink into poverty and neglect. Remember, George, what you learn here will be your only fortune. At an expense which I can scarcely sustain, I furnish you with this opportunity of obtaining credit in the world. For all else that makes man respectable and happy, you must depend upon yourself." They shook hands and parted, and so the two boys commenced their education.

The next important era in the lives of these young gentlemen, was the period of their quitting school. It was five years after the preceding circumstances, and they were both about sixteen years of age. It happened that at the same time there was a general examination in the academy, and the various attainments of George and Thomas were thereby disclosed. The latter showed to advantage in nothing except a de-

clamation, recited with a considerable flourish of theatrical elegance, and a translation from the Italian, for which he received a medal. George, on the contrary, discovered a pervading knowledge in all the necessary branches. He excited some astonishment by the rapidity and ease with which he replied to the casual interrogatories of several men of science, in arithmetic, algebra, and the mathematics. Two essays from his pen, on law and political economy, were listened to with attention and interest; and in geography, and the various other ordinary departments of learning, he appeared perfectly at home.

The parents of both boys attended this exhibition, and both were pleased. "Come, Tom," said the mamma, kissing her darling, "good-bye to books and school for ever, and now for pleasure." "Come, George," said Mr Steele, shaking the modest boy by the hand, while a quiet smile of pride and pleasure stole over his features; "come, my boy; so far you have done well. I am satisfied with you. I am more than satisfied. I am proud of you. But," he added, checking himself, "my dear boy, you must not fall into the error that your education is completed. You have things to learn yet of which you have no idea. Do not be vain of what you have acquired. Although I am praising your past exertions, I praise you more for what I expect you to do than for what you have done."

"I know, father," replied George, "it would be foolish in me to be proud, for I recollect having read the other day that Sir Isaac Newton said even of all his knowledge, that it seemed no more than a pebble is to the ocean." "Right, George, right, my son, perfectly right; so now let us return home, and teach you business and the world. All that you have learned here is but a weapon, which must now be used." "But, father, Tom says he has finished his education." "No man's education is finished till he is in his grave," said the father. And so the boys started in life.

We will imagine, if the reader pleases, that another period of five years has elapsed. The schoolboys have now grown up to manhood, both inspired in all their actions with the precepts of their parents. The one, that he would "never have to work for his living," the other, that "for all that makes man respectable and happy, he must depend upon himself."

At the age of twenty-one, George was taken into partnership with the house which for five years he had served with the purest integrity and the most unremitting care. While he devoted an ample portion of his time to the necessities of his avocation, he still found leisure occasionally to run through a book, keeping alive his taste and amusing his fancy. He had reviewed his school studies with great profit. His more matured understanding and experience let in light upon many passages which were before dark to him. Sometimes, indeed, he sighed as he beheld the fine equipages around him, and wished heaven had blessed him with a fortune; but again he felt that he was exempted from many temptations which surround the path of those more prosperous. His necessities had drilled him into a severe system of economy and habits of abstemiousness, by which means his health remained firm and his mind cheerful, so that, when the rewards of his unceasing labours began to flow in upon him, he was prepared to avail himself of them to the best advantage.

While this gradual but steady improvement was working in the situation of George, Thomas was leading a life of pleasure. He had grown up into an elegant looking young man, of great taste in points of fashion. His will was law touching the cut of a coat or the shape of a beaver; and a woman might fall in love with him desperately till he opened his mouth, when his first sentiment would break the spell. How had he spent his life? What had he studied? What had he thought? What did he know? What could he do? He was a proficient in horse-flesh. He could drive a tandem superbly. You could not touch him at billiards, and his dress was always exact and perfect; but his mind was uncultivated, and so was his heart. He was prodigal, not generous; and he had never known friendship, because he had never felt want.

He was once trying a pair of splendid bays before a gig, on a pleasant summer afternoon. The long train of gay promenaders on either side of the way looked, admired, envied. No one ever appeared better while driving.

A foot passenger, plainly but neatly dressed, paused in the middle of the street to give him way. It was George. They had seldom met since their school-days, but nevertheless recognised each other, and bowed. George was carrying a large book under his arm. "What a fool is that plodding fellow!" said Tom, as he quickened the pace of his horses with a resounding crack of the whip. "How I hate a bookworm! Step, you rascals!" "How finely Tom looks!" thought George. "I almost envy him those superb horses; but no matter."

They both passed on; one to spend afternoon and evening in smoking, drinking, and carousal; the other to his humble home, to drink in with secret delight rich draughts of instruction from a work of genius.

At this period I happened to be well acquainted with them, and had an opportunity of watching the different degrees of happiness produced, on the one hand by industry, intelligent study, and moderation in all life's pleasures, and on the other by luxury and

idleness. I caught Thomas one day alone. He seemed sad, and even thoughtful—a strange thing for him.

"Well, Tom, what's the matter?" He yawned, and stretched his limbs. "Really, I don't know, but I am wretchedly dull and stupid." "How can you be dull with every thing that is delightful at your command?"

"Well," he yawned again, "what you say is very true. I don't know how it is, but I am fairly tired out. I can't contrive to get rid of my time." "Have you nothing to do?" "Nothing; positively nothing." "It's a fine day, why not walk?" "I'm tired of walking. I hate walking. I never enjoyed a walk in my life. Riding has grown tedious, and sailing is horrid." "Suppose you try reading?"

"Oh, dreadful! I could no more sit down and read a book than I could fly. I did drag through Waverley, but I was asleep, fast asleep, when I got to *Finis*. I can't read. I've lost the relish. My mind wanders away over a thousand objects. I must have excitement, or I am miserable. The day to me is like a long unpleasant journey; I am always tired to death before I get to the end. Oh, if some one would invent a method of passing away the time!" I bade him good bye, and left him, again yawning and stretching his limbs.

Some time afterwards I had occasion to spend an evening with George. I reproved him for not having visited me. "I blame myself," he said, "but I have scarcely leisure to visit any one. My time is occupied continually. I never get through business till late in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening; and as every prospect of my prosperity in the world depends upon my care and attention at the counting-room, I am very industrious, I assure you."

"Are you not afraid," I asked, "that a too severe application will warp your mind, and injure your health?" "Oh, no, I am prudent enough to avoid that. I have a most cheerful succession of employments, each in some way uniting pleasure with utility. The only difficulty I have is to get time for them all. The more I apply myself in this way, the more pleasure I take in applying myself. The most melancholy reflection I have, is, that, knowing as I do how short life is, the weakness of my body compels me to devote so much of it to sleep, or I regret that fortune has not placed in my hands the means to study with less interruption, to educate myself according to a higher standard, to travel, and thus obtain a wider field of observation."

About a year had elapsed when the elegant Mr Tom Green suddenly abandoned all his old haunts about town, left off smoking, drinking, and swearing, cut off his mustachios and whiskers, and made the following soliloquy to the moon one night as he was returning from an evening visit to Henrietta Barton:—

"She is poor, but I love money. I love her, and it will be a noble action to choose such a creature, from no motive more selfish than admiration. How surprised and delighted she will be when she receives my offer—when she is raised from her humble and quiet sphere to my splendour and fashion. I think I ought to marry. I think I will marry her—I will marry her."

Having settled the matter thus to his satisfaction, he entered his home, and went to bed. The next day he wrote her and her father a letter. "The old gentleman will be out of his wits with joy," said he, as he pressed down the seal upon the yielding wax. The next morning the servant brought a letter. He reached out his hand, with the most self-complaisant feeling imaginable. "Poor little thing! Let us see how passion looks in the pretty periods of the charming Henrietta."

He read, with a start, and sudden change of countenance—"Deepest regret—highest estimation—valuable as a friend—painful necessity of declining." He loudly exclaimed with astonishment at an event so totally unexpected. How a man with such a fortune, and such a person, could be refused by a quiet, modest little girl like Henrietta Barton, was beyond his conception. But he was not a man to die of love. "There are others as good as she, and not quite so particular."

A few weeks afterwards, Mr George Steele's marriage with Henrietta Barton was announced in the daily prints. "Saddle Surrey, John; quick, you rascal," said Mr Tom Green, when he read the paragraph.

I have one more picture to show of each. Years passed on. One day a gentleman stepped from a gig, which had stopped before the door of an elegant mansion, and inquired for Mr Green. "How is he to-day?" asked the doctor of the nurse. "Worse, sir, much worse; his pains are excessive. He is peevish and disagreeable to his best friends." "Ay, ay," observed the physician, "the gout is a dreadful complaint." As he spoke, he entered the chamber where the poor invalid sat, writhing with the anguish of his excruciating disease, which had been brought on by inaction and high living. His face was bloated and flushed, and exhibited symptoms of excessive agony.

We break away abruptly from so unpleasant a scene, and stand for a moment within the halls of Congress. A deeply interesting question engages their attention, and a speaker rises. It is George. His words carry conviction to every heart. The murmur of acquiescence and approbation runs round among the crowd. He obtains the object for which he has exerted himself, and his name is full of honour.

This is but a simple sketch, but it is founded on real life; and if I have attempted to introduce no startling incident or marvellous character, more strongly to arrest the reader's attention, it is because I have adhered closely to the true career of two of my friends, one of whom has been ruined by affluence, the other elevated by poverty.

THE PRUSSIAN POLICE.

PEOPLE who have not proceeded beyond the limits of Great Britain into any of the continental countries of Europe, cannot have the most remote idea of the trouble which is incurred by travellers in the matter of passports and police supervision. Such is the personal freedom enjoyed in our own tranquil and happy country, that one may go here, there, anywhere, stay where he pleases, depart from a place, by sea or by land, be it during night or day, when he pleases, and in fact, do what he pleases—so long, by the way, as he does no wrong, and is able to pay his way—and nobody will trouble themselves about him. He needs no passport, he is never challenged by a police-officer, he is not stopped or bothered with questions, the sacredness of his dwelling is in no respect violated. How delightful all this is!—yet the very exemption from such annoyances is apt to make us forget to be thankful for it—thankful, that we are not tyrannised over, or watched in all our outgoings and incomings by a crew of fellows in cocked hats, such as are to be seen on every road, in every town, in almost every street, in continental Europe.

The exemption from fiscal harassment which is enjoyed in Great Britain, combined with the extent of private wealth, has had the effect of rendering the Englishman exceedingly restive under the embarrassing police arrangements of the Continent. He does not understand what the people mean by troubling him. He is only travelling about for his pleasure, or his health, or perhaps to do a little in the way of business. He is not thinking about kings or dynasties. He is, thank God, not a thief, to require to be looked after wherever he goes. He can pay his way, and, what is more, spare the few dirty guilders, florins, or francs, in the shape of fees to commissaries, which are never forgotten, under any circumstances, to be taken from him. They are a poor shabby set, that is the truth on't. And with this consolatory grumble, John Bull pursues his lagging way, until he thinks fit to return to his own island home, where, luckily, visions of cocked hats and passports neither disturb his dreams nor molest him in his waking moments.

France is pretty well in the way of passportism, but on the whole, the system amounts to little else than a levy of three-franc pieces, the police-office almost always freeing strangers from personal attendance, on their quietly sending that moderate sum. It is not so, however, in Russia, Austria, the Low Countries, Prussia, and many other parts of Germany. Prussia is at the pink of perfection in point of police interference. Go thither, and leave the gentlemen in uniform to find out all about you. To be sure, you will not be greatly molested, provided your conduct admit of no doubtful interpretation; but then, remember, it is not you, but the police inspector, who is the judge of your behaviour. Give this dignitary the least cause for suspicion, break through one of the most insignificant of his regulations, and you will be certain to meet with chastisement. For instance, one of the rules most strictly enforced in all the towns of Prussia, is the prohibition against smoking in the streets. Cigar-smoking is no doubt a nuisance; yet we would not have those who commit the nuisance treated like highwaymen. They are only grown children amusing themselves, and a slight fine, one should think, might have the effect of curing them of their propensity—which, as every body knows, is only a propensity for showing off. The Prussian government looks upon street-smoking in a very different light. A friend of mine, an Englishman, either reckless of the consequences, or really ignorant of the regulation, kept his cigar in his mouth as he walked home, one evening late, from a supper-party at which he had been a guest. He was stopped by a sentinel and arrested. He was handed over to the nearest guard-house, and detained the whole night. In general, the officer on duty at the guard-houses in Berlin, belonging to one of the regiments of guards, is courteous and accomplished in his manners; but owing to some misunderstanding, arising possibly from my friend's obstinacy and sullenness under what he considered infamous treatment, his night's imprisonment was beguiled by no solace or accommodation. At dawn in the morning he was

marched off to the police-office, where I met him, in consequence of a message which I had received. After waiting some time in a small room, in the midst of men and women of the lowest class, we were ushered into the presence of a mighty personage called an inspector. He did not deign to look at my friend; but, keeping his eyes upon the desk before him, "What is your name?" asked he. Having learnt this particular, he searched out his passport from a bundle he had lying beside him, and then referred to a large book, which doubtless served as the record of the important observations which the police had made upon my friend during his residence in Berlin. "Ah!" said the inspector, after a long pause, "this case requires investigation." So saying, he wrote something on a piece of paper, which he handed to the officer who had my friend in charge, and he was requested to follow him. We were led through a long passage, and shored into a room, on the door of which were written the ominous words, "Department for Arrests." I began to fear that the affair, so simple in appearance, was about to become one of a very unpleasant nature. The room we were shown into was a small one, with a sort of bar dividing it into two parts, and behind this bar were two individuals, seemingly clerks, sitting at desks. Another desk remained unoccupied. Three ragged women were standing shivering outside the bar. We were told to remain here. Of all things in the world, remaining in a police-office ignorant of what fate may attend you, is one of the most unpleasant, and there seemed nothing in the situation of my friend to render the prospect at all cheering. An unbroken silence seemed to reign throughout the vast and gloomy building. One could have nowhere felt more impressively the terrific influence of unlimited power. All hope was lost when these walls were entered. A sickening despair came over the mind, for you stood at the mercy of men whose conduct was regulated only by their own sense of justice and forbearance. It is in vain the great principles of natural equity are invoked—it is not on such grounds that the grasp of despotism relaxes.

After waiting about an hour, a prey to gloomy apprehensions, which it was impossible to shake off, we observed a third individual slide with stealthy step to the unoccupied desk. He held in his hand the great record of observations upon strangers, which then became to my friend, as it were, his book of fate. He looked at us with the cold and icy aspect of the man whose feelings have long ago been deadened. "Can you speak German?" asked he of my friend. "Yes." "But sufficiently to comprehend me perfectly, as I can easily call an interpreter?" "I can understand you," answered my friend. "Then step to the bar," said the inspector; and he then proceeded with the questions, the answers to which he wrote down, "How old are you?—where were you born?—the names of your father and mother?—their occupation and residence?" And now, sir," said he, "what is your profession?" "I have none," answered my friend. "You are not a merchant?" "No; I am a gentleman pursuing no particular avocation." "What are you doing here, then?" "I travel for my own pleasure." "Ah! pleasure. You have been at Bromberg?" "Yes." "For three weeks, I observe; what were you doing there?" "Nothing." "A man would not stay there for nothing; I observe you rose late, and did not dine at the table d'hôte in the hotel; come, let me know what you did there." "I have told you I did nothing; one individual I knew in the town, and he introduced me to others; I staid longer than I intended." "You did business there—is it not so?" The police of Bromberg, I observe, could make nothing of your movements, and they suspected you were transacting business. You are aware this is a very considerable fault; we do not wish to be too severe, but we must make strangers pay obedience to our regulations. A communication will be made with the police at Bromberg respecting you, and in the meantime you will have to lodge here one hundred dollars, in case any act of trading shall have been discovered; if not, it will be returned to you. And now, we have disposed of this; you have been smoking in the streets; you will pay a fine of five dollars for that, and take care for the future. How long do you intend staying in Berlin?" "I have not yet determined; if I were quite prepared, the treatment I have received would induce me to depart instantly." "Just so; the treatment you have received has been considerate; our police, I can assure you, is by no means severe; but, at the same time, we make no allowances for foreigners, for we do not want them. You may now go, and in three days you will be prepared with the money I have mentioned. By the bye, whom do you know here? who is your banker?" These were the last questions he put, and we both felt glad to escape from this searching and annoying inquiry. Besides, the place itself was calculated to depress the mind; and we did not

* The description of "particular" is the one most advisable at all times to be adopted when travelling on the Continent. It saves you a world of trouble, as any other description subjects you incessantly to the scrutiny of the police, who, suspecting your object to be business or politics, keep a most vigilant watch. In all the towns of Prussia, a very heavy fine is exacted upon persons, not *burghers*, transacting any business of themselves.

† Bromberg is a town in Prussian Poland, and not far from the borders of Russian Poland. It is a small town containing about 16,000 inhabitants, neatly built, but a very dull insipid place. It is about one hundred and fifty miles north of Berlin, and though the country is dreary, yet some pretty promenades have been formed round the town.

linger in clearing the dark and silent corridors, and rushing down the stairs into the street.

Now this may serve as an example, how very foolish it is to provoke the police of any of these jealous governments, who always imagine that an Englishman has some sinister object to gratify by his travels. In the case before us, my friend had never in any way whatever traded at Bromberg, and for all that transpired in the case, no notice would have been taken of his sojourn there, had not this accidental matter of the cigar-smoking brought him into collision with the Berlin police. But nothing could display more clearly the extraordinary surveillance which every foreigner undergoes in all parts of Germany, and the particular information concerning his habits and pursuits which accompanies him from one town to the other. How vain and futile the idea, to escape the penetration of such an institution!

One practical instance more of the police in Prussia, and I shall here give a better idea of their activity and knowledge than could be conveyed by the most laboured essay upon the subject. An Irishman, staying at the Hotel de Russie, in Berlin, had been disappointed in some remittances he had expected, owing to an irregularity in his letter of credit. Whilst in this situation, he was disturbed one morning whilst in bed by a police-officer entering his room. "I do not wish to disturb you," said he, "but you will be good enough to call at my house to-morrow at one o'clock;" handing the son of Erin a piece of paper, with the name of the street and number of his dwelling.

The next day the Irishman was punctual. "I have some questions to put to you," said the officer, "which you will answer frankly, for you will find prevarication of no avail. Tell me whom you know here?" "I know no one, except my servant." "Have you no letters of introduction to persons in Berlin?" "No." "You are not acquainted with a single person in Berlin?" "I know a lieutenant in the foot guards." "What is his name?" "Von Bricksen." "How did you become acquainted with him?" "I met him at Baden." "Had you letters to him—does he know your family?" "No." "And you have no money?" "Not much." "When do you expect to have money?" "I have written to England—it may take three weeks." "What do you intend doing in Berlin three weeks without money?" "Oh! that's my affair—I shall neither kill myself nor starve." "You owe a large bill at the hotel—how do you intend to pay that?" "When I get money from home." "How much have you written for?" "£100." "Will that pay all your debts here?" "I expect so." "Have you any other debts—do you owe your servant anything?" "I do." "How much?" "I don't know—I have not calculated." "You owe him, sir, two hundred dollars—now, I must very fairly tell you, that you will be very roughly treated if your remittances do not arrive. You shall have the three weeks you name, after which you will be handed over to the police-office, and it is no easy matter to get out of their hands. But," continued he, taking out of a drawer a written paper, "there are some other points I must question you about. What do you do with yourself at nights?" "Upon my word, that's rather a queer question." "It may be, but you seem a queer fellow. You lie in bed until twelve or one o'clock, and after leaving the hotel, are no more seen or heard of until two, three, four, five o'clock in the morning." "May I not go to bed at what time I like?" "Oh, yes; but we want to know what you do with yourself. You don't go to the theatre, you have not been once at the opera since your arrival in Berlin, and you say you know no one in the whole city but one lieutenant—come, what do you do all night?" "Upon my honour I can't tell you. I get through it somehow." "You play at cards, eh?" "Sometimes." "Where do you play?" "At the Caserne; any where." "The fact is, you gamble; you have picked up some gambling acquaintances, and they have taken all your money; that is the case. Now, you are a decent youth, and I take some interest in you, since you have been pretty open in your answers. I tell you, you must take care; those gambling dens may be some day broken open; and if you are caught there, it will be bad for you. Besides, you have no business to gamble, you have got no money. Let me advise you to be more cautious in your conduct, and give no cause for suspicion to the police. You are at present under my care, and I shall leave you alone for three weeks; at that time you will hear from me, and I hope all will be in order. By the bye, I forgot—you have got a travelling carriage?" "I had." "Where is it?" "I sold it." "That's extraordinary; you have travelled post, you sell your carriage on the journey, and have no money. Are you of any profession?" "No." "And you were born in Ireland—that is part of Great Britain?" "Not exactly; it is as much part of England as Poland is of Russia." "Ah!" said the police-officer with a troubled look, "don't mention Poland; you will bring yourself into difficulties. Is your family rich?" "It is rather difficult to say." "How do you live?" "I have property of my own." "Well, my good friend, that may be all very true; now I have done with you, for three weeks, recollect." "We shall meet again, then," said the Irishman, carelessly. "Good day!"

The Emerald had in fact been plucked by a party of gamblers, and was thrown into those pecuniary difficulties, which of all others in a foreign country are the most unpleasant, for they meet with no sympathy,

but are rather considered in the most unfavourable light. Before the three weeks were expired, however, he had his remittances, and having satisfied the landlord of the Hotel de Russie, he heard no more of his friend the policeman.

This latter instance will corroborate the former, and show very distinctly in how unpleasant and critical a situation a person is placed, when, from indiscretion, he comes in contact with the police in Prussia. If either of the cases had occurred in Russia, and perhaps even in Austria, the most brutal treatment would have followed. But in Prussia, the tone and temper of the police follow that of the general government, which is allowed to be mild and conciliating. Such minute examinations are instituted, to see whether the party speaks truth, for most of the particulars as to which he is interrogated are already known; and, therefore, it is certain that any attempt at concealment or prevarication will not only most probably, but most surely, lead the traveller into inextricable difficulties.

TRADITIONARY HISTORY OF ALASTER MAC COL.

ALASTER MAC COL was born in the island of Colonsay, one of the most southerly of the Hebrides, in the early part of the seventeenth century. His father was Col Macdonald, a person of good birth, nearly related to the Marquis of Antrim, and usually called *Col-Keitoch*, from his being left-handed. As he grew up, he became remarkable for personal strength. A place is pointed out in Colonsay, where he is said to have seized a bull at full speed by the horns, and brought its head to the earth. He was also remarkable for his skill in the broadsword, which he could wield with like dexterity in either hand. At an early period of life he went to Ireland, where he probably lived under the protection of his kinsman the Marquis of Antrim.

At the close of the year 1643, in terms of a solemn league entered into between England and Scotland, a large army was raised in the latter country, for the purpose of aiding the parliamentary cause. As this army was immediately to enter England, the king deemed it expedient to attempt a diversion, by causing a counter-invasion and counter-insurrection in Scotland. He therefore granted a commission to the celebrated Marquis of Montrose to proceed into that country, and place himself at the head of the loyal Highland clans, while the Marquis of Antrim should disembark two thousand Irish upon the western coast.

When Antrim had raised his retainers for this purpose, three candidates, among whom was Alaster Mac Col, claimed the honour of commanding them. Before the day when this matter was to be settled, one of the candidates, who had small hopes of succeeding, retired. The other, having friends and influence, urged his claim with the greatest pertinacity. When the day at length arrived, Alaster started up in the assembly, and, drawing his sword, declared that no claim could be equal to his, as he was sure that "his sword was wielded by the best hand in Ireland." "Which is the next best?" inquired his opponent, tauntingly. He threw the weapon into his left hand, and, stretching out his arm, exclaimed, "There it is!" The other, who had made sure of being acknowledged as at least second, was disconcerted, and retired. Alaster was then chosen without opposition, and sent at the head of fifteen hundred men to invade the west coast of Scotland.

In the month of July 1644, he arrived in the Sound of Mull, and landed on that island. The Campbells, who inhabited the western coast and islands of Argyleshire, were odious to the Macdonalds, Macleans, and other surrounding clans, not only on account of their having, in compliance with their chief, the Marquis of Argyle, taken a decided part in the cause of the parliament and church, but also on account of the great aggressions which they had made, during the preceding century, upon the lands of their neighbours. Alaster, for his own part, cherished against them the most deadly hatred, and was resolved, in executing his mission, to gratify this private feeling in its utmost latitude. In his progress through the district, he burnt and laid waste all that came in his way, inspiring so much terror among the common people, that the name of *Alastair Mac Colla fear tholla nan tighean* (that is, Alaster Mac Col, the devastator), is to this day used by them to hush unruly children. It is related, that one dark night, being led by a gleam of light to a small cottage, he listened at the window in order to ascertain the sentiments which were cherished respecting him by the inmates. He observed a servant girl singing the head of a black wedder, and heard her say that she would be happy if it were the head of Alaster Mac Col. "You wretch!" said her master, who probably was a loyalist, "why such a bad wish? I would much rather hear of his welfare." "That word has saved your house from the flames," said Mac Col, as he walked off. While in Mull, he heard of a man who was said to possess extraordinary bodily strength. Being vain of his own great muscular powers, he attempted to lift a large stone which it was said that the Samson of Mull was able to carry to a considerable distance. He failed in the attempt, and was so much mortified that he left the island immediately.

Having debarked on the promontory of Ardnamurchan, he immediately laid siege to the Castle of Mingary. This ancient place of strength, now in ruins, is situated upon a dark fabric of basalt, which at low water rises prominently above the sea. In the dry ditch at the bottom of the walls, he collected a mass of combustibles, which he kept burning for several days, in the hope of compelling the garrison to surrender. The fire, though its marks are yet to be seen upon the walls, failed in the desired object; but Alaster ultimately reduced the fortress by starvation. While thus hovering on the coast, a small squadron, sent by the Marquis of Argyle from Leith, attacked his three vessels in Loch Eishord, and, after an obstinate fight, succeeded in taking or destroying them. He then conducted his men into Lochaber, in hopes of speedily hearing of Montrose, whose standard he was to join whenever it should be erected.

In the latter part of August, having passed through the Lowlands in disguise, Montrose arrived at Inchbrakie House in Perthshire, and, a communication having been established with Mac Col, the loyal party was soon in action. When Montrose put himself at the head of the Irish at Blair, he constituted Mac Col his major-general. Being joined by some of the Athole Highlanders, the marquis descended upon the low country, and on the 1st of September, overthrew a much larger army of the Scottish Estates at Tippermuir. He then took possession of Perth, and, marching northwards, obtained another victory at Aberdeen. The remainder of autumn was spent in a series of rapid marches and countermarches, for the purpose of gaining an advantage over the Marquis of Argyle, who had been commissioned to suppress the insurrection. Early in December, when Argyle, conceiving the campaign to be concluded, had withdrawn to his parliamentary duties in Edinburgh, the royal general formed the design of invading and devastating the country occupied by the adherents of the opposite leader. What he desired for political reasons, Mac Col equally desired for the gratification of ancient feud. He therefore became the chief agent in that dreadful devastation which Argyleshire suffered for six weeks in the winter of 1644-5. "Entering the Campbells' lands by Loch Etive, he visited all who bore that name or were under their protection with the pains of fire and sword. As he marched down Glen Etive, he crossed the bounds of the Mac Intires in Glen O, and in passing the house of their chieftain, a circumstance occurred which gives a lively picture of the extent of the ancient respect paid by a clansman to the ties of kindred. The Mac Intires were originally descended from the Mac Donalds, and lived from time immemorial upon the border of the Campbells, between that race and the south-east march of the Clan Donald in Glen Coe. Upon the decline of the vast power of this sept after the fatal battle of Harlaw, and upon the subsequent increase of the power of the Campbells, the Mac Intires placed themselves under the latter clan, and lived with them as the most powerful of their followers. When Alaster Mac Col passed through Glen O, he was not acquainted with the name of the place nor the race of its inhabitants, but knowing that he was within the bounds of the Campbells, he supposed all whom he met were of that clan. Glen O was deserted at his approach, and it is probable that the men were even then in the parliamentary army. Alaster, in his usual plan of vengeance, ordered fire to the house of the chieftain. A coal was instantly set in the roof, and the heather of which it was made was quickly in a blaze. Before, however, the flames had made much progress, Alaster was told that the house which he was burning was that of the chieftain of Mac Intire. He immediately commanded his people to do their endeavour to extinguish the fire, 'for,' said he, 'it is the house of our own blood.' The flames were soon overcome, and Mac Col passed through the glen of the Mac Intire in peace. When the chieftain returned to his house, the coal which had so near proved its destruction was found in the roof; it was taken out by order of Mac Intire, and preserved with great care by his descendants, till the late Glen O was driven to America by the misfortunes of the Highlands and the oppression of his superior. But to return from this digression: through Glen O, Alaster Mac Col passed into Glenorchy, where he burnt and destroyed all that came within his reach. From hence he marched entirely round Loch Awe, carrying devastation through the ancient and original patrimony of the Campbells. As he passed by the Loch of Ballenore, the inhabitants (a small race named Mac Chorchodell, and dependent on the former clan) retired from their huts into the little castle of their chieftain, which is situated in the midst of the loch. Being in no way connected with his enemies by blood, Alaster did not conceive that with them he held any feud, and quietly marched past their deserted habitations, without laying a hand upon their property. But as his men were drawing from the lake, one of the Mac Chorchodells fired upon their rear and wounded a Mac Donald. Alaster instantly turned: 'Poor little Mac Chorchodell,' said he in Gaelic, 'I beg your pardon for my want of respect in passing you without stopping to pay my compliments; but, since you will have it so, I will not leave you without notice.' He returned and burnt every house in Ballenore."

* To explain what Mac Col meant by this expression, it must be mentioned that to pass the house of a great Highland chieftain

After these horrible devastations, too characteristic of the times in which they took place, the army of Montrose was passing through Lochaber, when intelligence was received that the Campbells had collected under the Marquis of Argyll, and were in hot pursuit. Montrose instantly turned, and (Feb. 2, 1645) overthrew them with great slaughter at Inverlochy. In this action the bravery of Mac Col was very conspicuous, and the almost incredible fact of his having killed twenty men with his own hand is still related in the Highlands. It is also stated, that, after the engagement, being in want of a cooking pot for his men, he sent a messenger to request the loan of one from a party of Athole Highlanders, who were cooking for themselves at some distance. The men were on the point of giving up their vessel, when a sturdy blacksmith, of the clan Donnochy or Robertson, protested against any such proceeding as unreasonable and unmanly. "Tell the general," said he to the messenger, "that it was I who prevented you from getting the pot, and that I think myself as good a man as he." Mac Col, struck by the boldness of the message, and being informed that this fellow had conducted himself in the battle with an extraordinary degree of valour, had a curiosity to see him, and accordingly proceeded to the place where he was sitting. Robertson, on seeing him approach, endeavoured to get out of his way; but Mac Col did not stop till he had overtaken him. He then desired in a friendly manner to know his name, to which the Athole man modestly answered that his was not a name fit to be mentioned amongst the many brave men who had fought that day. Still Mac Col pressed the question, when Robertson allowed himself to say that he was "only a poor tinker among the Athole men." The reply of the general was so emphatic, that it is still a proverb in the Highlands—"Struag o Dhee nach bu chàird gu h-àir A-oi u du!"—"Would to heaven the Athole men had been all tinkers this day! The descendants of Robertson are still distinguished in Athole by the designation of *N'gow chàird*, that is, the family of the tinker blacksmiths.

At the successive battles of Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth, by which Montrose for a time broke up the power of the insurgent government, and shed a lustre on the perishing cause of his sovereign, Mac Col distinguished himself as a most important and efficient officer, though not so much by his counsels as by his headlong bravery. At Auldearn, in particular, he contributed greatly to the victory gained by his party. On this occasion, according to a contemporary historian of his own name, he was unable to resist the temptation of leaving the enclosures in which he had been posted, but was speedily obliged by an overpowering force to retire. In drawing back his men, he maintained the post of honour in the rear, fighting vigorously with his face to the foe, and his back to his own men. The enemy pressed hard upon him, through a narrow lane, and endeavoured to bring him down with their pikes. Catching the points of their weapons on his target, he alternately hewed down an enemy and struck off the head of a pike. On one occasion he is said to have sheared through five of their weapons at one stroke. Ultimately all his men got back to the enclosure, except one, who was transfixed with several spears at the same time, and had his tongue pinned to his cheek by an arrow. Mac Col immediately sprung forth once more, and with great personal hazard dragged the wounded man within the enclosures.

After the battle of Kilsyth, Montrose dispatched his major-general to Ayrshire, to disperse some forces which were there mustering against him. He was now master of the whole country, and, having received a commission from the king appointing him viceroy, he was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon Mac Col, who now, accordingly, became Sir Alexander Macdonald. At this time Mac Col learned that his friends, having retired from the vengeance of the Campbells to the islands of Jura and Ràdhinn, were pursued thither, and treated with the greatest severity. Roused by strong personal feelings, he immediately left the camp with a party of Irish and Highlanders, for the purpose of protecting his relations. Montrose on this occasion used every entreaty to prevail upon him to stay, for he knew that he could not be considered as fully successful, while the great mass of the armed forces of Scotland remained in England, liable to be directed against him. But Mac Col would not have been a Highlander if he could have preferred a public claim to one which appealed to blood and kindred. He therefore left Montrose, who never again was successful, and was soon after driven from the country.

Mac Col entered Argyllshire with about twelve hundred men, and continued for nearly two years to keep up a party for the king. In May 1647, General David Leslie was dispatched with a considerable force of cavalry and foot, to reduce the country to the parliamentary government. It is said that Mac Col, by defending the passes, might have protracted the war for some time; this expedient he is said to have neglected, in consequence of a superstition which perhaps wrought its own fatal conclusion. Highland tradition represents him as having set up his standard for the last time at a particular spot in the parish of Glasric. In a low marshy plain by the side of a dark crooked river, there arises a small mound in the form of a sugar

without calling to pay compliments, was in former times held a great offense. In the house of Newyle in Angus, there was actually a canon kept ready to operate against any recusant stranger who might attempt to pass without this courtesy.

loaf, and apparently the work of man, though unquestionably a production of nature. Here Mac Col observed a mill at a little distance, and, inquiring its name, was answered, "Mullian Gochcum-go." He was now walking on a spot which his nurse had, it seems, assigned as the limit of his good fortune as a warrior. He was so much affected by the circumstance, as to allow Leslie, Argyll, and all their forces, to pass along Slia Gaoil, by the side of Loch Gilp, which formed the very key to his position. A battle took place (May 25) at the ford of Ederline, where he and his men fought with their accustomed bravery. Among the most conspicuous men on the parliamentary side was Zachary More of Poltalloch, famed for great strength, and skill in the use of the broadsword. In the heat of the engagement, Alaster met Zachary, and exclaimed, "You once made me your guest—yield, and this night be mine." "Let either of us gain the day," was Poltalloch's answer, as he rushed upon his foe. Alaster was losing ground, when some of his men came behind, and cut Zachary in the leg. The hero fell upon his knee, and Mac Col turned away, as supposing him no longer worthy of his attention. It is alleged, that, after all, Zachary More slew seven of his assailants before he was himself killed.

The contest ended at nightfall in the defeat of Mac Col, who retired with a great number of his men, and, by a stratagem, got over to the Isles, leaving a garrison of three hundred Irish and Mac Dougals in the castle of Dunaverty. When Leslie succeeded in reducing his fortress, he put to death nearly the whole garrison, as a retaliation for similar atrocities performed by the royalist party. He then went to the island of Islay, in pursuit of Mac Col, who, unable to offer resistance in the field, fled to Ireland. Col Keitoch, the father of Mac Col, who was left with a garrison at Dunavert in Kintyre, surrendered at the command of the parliamentary forces, and was put to death at Dunstaffnage by the implacable and too justly offended Campbells.

Alaster Mac Col did not long survive the destruction of the royal cause in Scotland. Having joined the troops of Lord Taffe, he was taken prisoner by two soldiers of the parliamentary party, who, disputing about the reward which they expected for capturing a royalist of so much importance, put him to death, in order that neither might have a preference. This happened at a place called Glenlussart, in the same year with his last transactions in Scotland. And so ended the life of a man, who, though stained with the atrocities of a barbarous warfare, commanded by his bravery and prowess the admiration of a rude people, and might in proper circumstances have performed useful service to his country.

PRODUCTIVENESS OF VEGETABLES.

UPON the interesting subject, the growth of plants and their extraordinary powers of production for purposes connected with human subsistence, we find the following observations made by Sharon Turner, in his "Sacred History of the World."

"Plants with few and small leaves depend chiefly on the soil. Those with many and large ones, more on the atmosphere. But some can find nutriment, and grow, even from animals. Thus cryptogamic plants have been found vegetating on living wasps in the West Indies. This curious fact has been also noticed elsewhere. They will even grow in the stomach of living animals; for several instances of this have occurred, in which the force of vegetation has prevailed over the animal's digestive power, at least in those who were entirely carnivorous.

Warmth and moisture usually commence the process of germination as soon as they concur to the seed; but if the due means for the further nutriment do not accompany the growth, the process stops, and the plant soon dies. Some vegetables—the parasitic tribes—fasten on a larger plant or tree, and fixing in them their roots, derive food from its nutritive juices. The living principle exerts itself with singular force and apparent judgment in searching for its nutriment when the ordinary sources and supply of it fail. The main fluid in vegetables is the sap. 'It is really the blood of the plant, by which the whole body is nourished, and from which the peculiar secretions are made.'

Light represses the evolution of the seed, but is essential to the production of the florification and fruit; yet, as if to show us that all things are but what they are specifically organised and actuated to be, and never are the chance productions of blind necessity, there is one plant which has been so formed as to flower only in the dark—the night-flowering *Cereus*. But all such exceptions in nature are never casual, but always regularly arise from a peculiarity of structure, which is adapted to cause the particular result, and which is always constant in the species in which it occurs. Plants will germinate in rarified air, but not rapidly.

The parts of plants have a singular homogeneity, or sameness of nature and properties. Roots may be made to produce leaves, and buds of leaves may be transformed into buds of flowers. If a tree be inverted by planting it by the stalk, its roots then disclose leaves, and its branches send out roots. Plants grow most in the night: at noon all increase is suspended. Between morning and noon, and noon and evening, it is but small. But flowers advance more in the day, and especially in the meridian light and heat. Some

plants and trees will continue to vegetate, though overflowed by sea-water; so tenacious of its vitality and power, their living principle is often found to be.

It is not merely in their principles and analogies of construction, nutrition, and growth, that plants resemble animals; but the creative Hand has linked and established the affinity between them by causing some vegetables to produce animal products, and to be, as it were, the animals whose peculiar properties they imitate. Thus their living principle, in peculiar and adapted organisations, can imitate the bee, the cow, and the sheep; for the *Myrica Pennsylvanica* yields an annual supply of vegetable wax; the *Palo de Vaca*, in South America, gives a copious emission of actual milk. Humboldt found this tree in Venezuela, and Lockart met with many in Carracas. One was a hundred feet high and seven in diameter. The milk was agreeable, and used by the inhabitants. Smith saw it on the river Demerary. It was there called *Hya Hya*. The milk was drinkable, and rich, and thicker than that of cows; it was not bitter, but a little viscous, and, mixed with coffee, it could not be distinguished from animal milk. Humboldt describes it as a handsome tree, resembling the broad-leaved star-apple. Upon making incisions in the trunk, a glutinous milk issues abundantly, of a pleasing and balmy smell. It flows most copiously at sunrise, when the natives take their bowls to the tree to milk it. It seemed peculiar to the Cordilleras of the coast. Another tree, in Guayaquil, produces a fine wool, while one in China secretes a tallow, like animal fat. This has been lately introduced into the Mauritius, and successfully cultivated. The tallow obtained from it is stated to be equal to that which is melted from the fat of animals. The *Tillandria* of Buenos Ayres resembles another element, in becoming a kind of vegetable fountain, for it yields, on incision, a copious quantity of pure water. They have even some relations, yet unexplored, with the mineral kingdom; for they not only form the carbon they contain, but some have been found to have copper particles, and several to secrete flint, and likewise sulphur, as in our common corn. We may add iron and gold also, for both of these metals have been found in vegetables, and more especially the former. Thus all the departments of nature have been made with mutual associations; the material causes and references of which we have not yet explored.

The food of plants peculiarly distinguishes them from animals. While these subsist only on what has been organic matter, vegetables derive their nourishment from that which is inorganic, as mere earths, salts, water, or the gases. The particles of these become arranged in them, by the agency of their living principle, into organised substances, and by this mysterious process are fitted for animal nutrition. The vessels of vegetables are so fine in their radicles and leaves, and in the smaller plants, that the particles which they imbibe must be in the most attenuated state. They are injured, like animals, by too great a supply of what they feed on; and hence many plants decline or perish on too rich a soil. Each will grow only on that kind of ground which suits its organs or appointed functions.

The kindred nature of all plants is surprisingly shown by the power and effect of their growing and fructifying when grafted on each other—one organisation attaching its vascularity to that of another, and feeding on its sap. The ancients took some pleasure in these experiments, for Plutarch saw and notices, in a garden on the Cephissus, an olive upon a juniper, a peach upon a myrtle; pears upon an oak, apples on a plane-tree, and mulberries upon a fig. In Holland a rose was grafted on an orange-tree; and, in our times, carnations have been engrafted on fennel, and a peach upon a mulberry. So an inhabitant of Lyons inserted on the same stem red and white grapes, peaches, and apricots. Such facts prove the absolute similarity in nature of the different classes of the vegetable kingdom. Their general system and principle of life are the same. It is the specific and purposed variation of their organisations—which, from the same material elements, causes the specific diversities of their products to appear. No result is a random accident.

Plants have been manifestly designed and framed on the principle of improvability. This also highly distinguishes the latent powers of their living principle, and its vast superiority over inorganic matter. It is a truly wondrous faculty, for it is one of the greatest distinctions of man. Animals have it to a certain degree, but very limited, and apparently far less than vegetables. The productivity of animals cannot be increased like that of plants. The human capacity for progression is not more clearly visible than that of which so many vegetables have been found susceptible, that it may not unreasonably be inferred to be a law of their constitution. Very agreeable, but surprising, transformations have arisen from this property. The rose is the product of cultivation. The original plant, from which all our beautiful varieties have proceeded, is considered by botanists to be the common wild briar. Our plums are the cultivated descendants of the sloe; the peach and nectarines of the common almond tree; filberts are the improvements of the wild hazel; the delicious apples, whose species may be now reckoned by hundreds, are the cultured successors of the small austere crabs and wildings, which swine will scarcely eat; the original pear is a petty fruit, as hard and crude. Our corn was once in a state very like grass; our cauliflowers, cabbages,

and other domestic vegetables, are the artificial products of human skill and of vegetable improvability.

It is this undiminishable and undecaying property in plants which may rescue us from that chimerical dream of a superabundant population of the earth, under which we have been labouring for the last thirty years. In nature, the law of population has never exceeded that of the productive power of vegetable life, and never will. All that concerns human beings has been made upon a principle of benevolence. The same principle continues the system and superintends the working, and will always adapt the provision to the necessity, and supply further assistance if new exigencies should require it. But nothing supernatural on this point is likely to be wanted. Cultivated produce has hitherto outrun population in every country, and there is every appearance that it will always do so. Two laws are visibly in operation in nature; one, that it shall not produce spontaneously; the other, that its produce shall be always increasable by human labour and skill. Ordinary but diligent exertions of these have hitherto abundantly sufficed for all that has been needed. Local distress may arise from temporary seasons and want of [or arrangements to prevent] intercourse, but never from a failure in the powers of vegetable nature.

The extraordinary instances of the productiveness of nature, which, even under the usual course of things, frequently appear and can be produced, are sufficient to dispel all injurious doubt and unmanly apprehension, by showing us that plants, even as they are now, yet possess the most gigantic possibilities of productive power. I allude to the instances of unusual produce which happen in some parts every year, and which I have noted from the daily papers: as, Oats.—An oat stalk taken from a field on Sealand, near Chester, had 237 grains. Another, on a field lately part of Cocker-mouth Common, had 251. A wild oat at Milton was ten feet high, and had 150 grains. One ear of black oats at Mansfield was fifteen inches long, and contained 283. In 1824, a single grain of oats having fallen on a quantity of burnt clay, produced 19 stems, and 2045 grains. Wheat.—A single grain of Talavera wheat sown in a garden at Weston, near Bath, in September 1819, had in August afterwards produced 73 stalks, and yielded 7445 grains. One of the greatest increase of wheat that I have met with, is that mentioned in the Philosophical Transactions. Mr Millar, by repeated divisions, obtained from a single seed of wheat 500 plants, which yielded 21,109 ears, and about 576,840 grains, weighing 47 pounds, all the produce of one single corn. Such effects have arisen from a combination of local circumstances that have not yet been studied. The phenomenon is admired when it occurs, but the natural cause is never explored. But they are demonstrations of the latent and indefinite productibility of vegetable nature, which make the dread that any increase of human population will cause famine, a fanciful chimeric: for no one will in this age contend that the industry and intelligence of the searching mind may not discover the means of imitating and obtaining the same results which temporary accidents have occasioned. The principles of nature will therefore never fail. But it will always be necessary for wise laws and individual equity and benevolence, in every country, to cause her bounties to be sufficiently shared by all its inhabitants. Her produce first comes into the hands of a few, under the social system of protected property; to be afterwards distributed, through the thousand channels of the arts and industry, which civilisation, as it advances, establishes in every country; and by the assisting hand of occasional beneficence, for the sustenance of all. Nature can only thus generally provide. She places her bounty in the fields; she leaves it to man to apply and to disperse, because human instrumentality can do this most effectually. This is accomplished by every one seeking some mode and path of social employment, in which each obtains his own support, and, at the same time, is contributing, by his individual talent, labour, and produce, to the comforts of others, and to the welfare of the whole."

PEARLS GOING A-BEGGING.

THE valuelessness of the most precious stones and metals in a place where the comforts of life are not to be purchased, is forcibly brought home to the mind by the following anecdote from Mr Irving's recent work, *The Conquest of Florida by Fernando de Soto*.—"In the course of their weary march throughout this desolate tract, a foot soldier, calling to a horseman who was his friend, drew forth from his wallet a linen bag, in which were six pounds of pearls, probably filched from one of the Indian sepulchres. These he offered as a gift to his comrade, being heartily tired of carrying them on his back, though he had a pair of broad shoulders, capable of bearing the burden of a mule. The horseman refused to accept so thoughtless an offer. 'Keep them yourself,' said he; 'you have most need of them. The governor intends shortly to send messengers to Havana, where you can forward these presents, and have them sold, and obtain three or four horses with the proceeds; so that then you will have no further need to travel on foot.'

Juan Terron was piqued at having his offer refused. 'Well,' said he, 'if you will not have them, I swear I will not carry them, and they shall remain here.' So saying, he untied the bag, and whirling it round, as if he were sowing seed, scattered the pearls in all

directions among the thickets and herbage. Then putting up the bag in his wallet, as if it was more valuable than the pearls, he marched on, leaving his comrade and other bystanders astonished at his folly.

The soldiers made a hasty search for the scattered pearls, and recovered thirty of them. When they beheld their great size and beauty, none of them being bored and discoloured, they lamented that so many had been lost; for the whole would have sold in Spain for more than six thousand ducats. This egregious folly gave rise to a common proverb in the army, that 'there are no pearls for Juan Terron.'

DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

[By Washington Irving.]

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love-stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? If unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but few know of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler. How many bright eyes grow dim!—how many soft cheeks grow pale!—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, victims of blasted hopes and withered joys!

Woman is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and, as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women thus disappearing gradually from the earth, and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, and melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. The canker-worm of grief preys slowly, but, alas! too surely upon the heart of its devoted victim. Its ravages are unnoticed by the casual observer, but the keen and discerning eye of one, whose delight it is to study the workings of the human mind—that most mysterious emanation from the creative powers of the Almighty—discovers, in the half-checked sigh, the oft-starting tear, the heavy cloud of sorrow casting its shadows upon the brow, the occasional lapse into melancholy, and, anon, the forced and unnatural bursts of, apparently, high spirits—sure tokens of that mental consumption which

bids defiance to the life-reviving powers of medicine, to the utmost care and skill of the ablest physician. Woe, then, be to that man who trifles with the human heart as it were a thing of light import—who, having sought till he obtained the "answering look of love from woman's eye"—that undeniable proof of the return of his affection—casts aside, as valueless, the heart he then knows to be his own! No word of reproach from the injured one may assail his ear, and this absence of reproof from without may lull the accusations of his inward monitor, but he may rest assured that, in the eye of God, he is regarded as a murderer! His strict tables of justice admit not of the palliations that man will conjure up to clear himself in his own eyes; and this he will feel when Reason, asserting her sway over his passions, convinces him of the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. He will then seek to hide his head for very shame. But his remorse is now in vain for her whom Death has already secured as his prize; no earthly power can reanimate the heart now cold in the grave; and the conviction that she, whom his neglect and unkindness sent to the tomb, is now for ever beyond the reach of all reparation, embitters reflection to the last moment of his existence.—Sketch Book.

COMFORTS OF AN IRON-GANG.

WE have occasionally observed accounts in the newspapers of criminals, on being sentenced to transportation, glorying in the prospect of leading a pleasing, rambling life in New South Wales, and behaving so as to make their late associates in vice actually envy their good fortune. Those, however, who buoy themselves up with such notions, and who have perhaps committed crimes in order to enjoy the blessings of transportation, labour under a lamentable mistake, which they will soon enough learn to their cost. The following extract of a letter, written by a convict transported from London, a few years since, will be useful in showing all would-be convicts how the matter stands.

"As a prisoner myself (says the writer) I may justly be charged with partiality, but you must judge for yourself from a statement of facts. The discipline of this colony has become dreadfully severe; every year has increased its severity since I have been here. When I arrived, the ration was one peck of wheat, seven pounds of beef, two ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, and two ounces of tobacco; now the ration is five pounds of second flour, seven pounds of barley-meal or maize-meal, and seven pounds of beef, or four pounds and a half of pork. This is the last government order: any thing else is considered an indulgence given for good conduct. Disobedience or insolence is fifty lashes—first offence, not less than twenty-five; second offence, seventy-five or a hundred lashes; a third offence, twelve months in an iron-gang. Absconding, or taking the bush, as we term it, is fifty lashes, first offence; second time, twelve months to an iron-gang, and increased each offence.

Nothing is more dreaded by the men than iron-gangs, as, when their sentence is expired, they have all the time spent in irons to serve again, as every sentence is now in addition to the original sentence. If a man is nearly due for his ticket of leave, and is flogged, he is put back for a certain time, unless for theft, and then he forfeits every indulgence. If an iron-gangman has served any number of years in the country, he must begin again: he is the same as a new hand; he has to wait the whole term of years before he receives any indulgence. Now, to judge properly of the punishment I have mentioned, you may ask—What is the punishment adopted in iron-gangs? It is this. The delinquents are employed in forming new roads, by cutting through mountains, blasting rocks, cutting the trees up by the roots, felling and burning off. They are attended by a military guard, night and day, to prevent escape, wear irons on both legs, and at night are locked up in small wooden houses, containing about a dozen sleeping places; escape is impossible; otherwise they live in huts surrounded by high palings, called stockades; they are never allowed after labour to come without the stockade, under the penalty of being shot; so complete is the confinement, that not half-a-dozen have escaped within the last two or three years; they labour from one hour after sunrise until eleven o'clock, then two hours to dinner, and work until night—no supper. The triangles are constantly at hand to tie up any man neglecting work or insolent. Ration, five pounds of second flour, seven pounds of maize or barley meal, made into bread, seven pounds of beef, seven ounces of sugar per week; all cooked per diem by men appointed from gangs not in irons. Iron-gangmen not allowed to be hut-keepers, cooks, or other occupations, as such is considered an indulgence; nothing but hard labour. Picture to yourself this hot climate, the labour, and the ration, and judge for yourself if there is laxity of discipline. The discipline of penal settlements is, I believe, the same nearly as iron-gangs.

It is to places such as I have described, that the judges now sentence men from the English bar. Poor wretches! did they know their fate, be assured, respected sir, it had been well for them that they had never been born. I verily believe, that no system ever adopted has become more perfect, as a real punishment to the guilty, or that enforces stricter discipline, as the only means of gaining any indulgence from this

government. If a man, a convict, wishes to do well, he may do so by leaving off all his bad habits, and truly and faithfully serving his master; but if he is neglectful, insolent, or pilfers, he is certain of being flogged, sent to an iron-gang or penal settlement, or shot or hung. Not one day of liberty will he enjoy; he will have all his sentences, in addition to his original sentence, to serve again, and he will be half starved to death; but the man who is assigned to a master, if he chooses, may do very well, because by industry he will be encouraged, and have plenty to eat, and kindly used. Our police system is now so perfect, that no man can escape the punishment of the law for any length of time. As regards observations I have seen of men making money in the colony whilst prisoners, I can only say for myself, that I have not had ten shillings in my possession since I have been in the colony, of my own earnings; that I have never had two pair of shoes at one time, and scarcely an extra shirt to wear; but this I know, that a few pounds I brought with me have been spent in common necessities that I required."

INFERIORITY OF THE SONS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

THE inferiority of the sons of celebrated men to their fathers, has been often remarked, and the comparative obscurity of the sons of Alexander, Cicero, Napoleon, Sheridan, Burke, and other leaders of their times, certainly argues little for the theory of hereditary genius. But it would seem that the degree of talent is much influenced by the mother; for it is a curious fact, that where the mother has been remarkable for intelligence, the son has seldom failed of the possession of ability, even where the father was undistinguished. We give some of the examples:—

Lord Bacon.—His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke; she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste. **Hume** the historian mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of "singular merit," and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education. **Sheridan.**—Mrs Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence, that first introduced her to Mr Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson. **Schiller.**—His mother was an amiable woman; she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favourite child. **Goethe** thus speaks of his parents:—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity." **Lord Erskine's** mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice, her son betook himself to the bar. **Thomson.**—Mrs Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son. **Boerhaave's** mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine. **Sir Walter Scott.**—His mother, Anne Rutherford, daughter of an able physician, and teacher of medicine, was a woman of marked talent, while the father was thought rather dull. **Napoleon's** father was a man of no peculiar mind, but his mother was distinguished for her understanding. **Lord Mornington,** the father of the Wellesleys, was an excellent musician, and no more, but his lady was remarkable for her intellectual superiority. The father of the Emmetts, in Ireland, was a babbler, but the mother was a singularly intelligent person. The fate of two of her sons was unhappy, from their republicanism, but the three were possessed of the most striking abilities. **Sheridan's** father was a weak creature, as his whole career showed; the genius descended from the mother. **Monthly Mag. No. 51.**—(There may become truth, generally speaking, in the above theory; but we happen to know several instances of men of ability being the sons of exceedingly silly women, and therefore consider the theory as far from being established as correct.)

DURATION AND UTILITY OF WISDOM.—To encourage us to shake off the superincumbent load of indifference, ridicule, and opposition, and to make efforts to extend virtue and happiness, let us reflect that a useful thought may outlive an empire. Babylon and Thebes are now nowhere to be found; but the moral lessons of the contemporary wise and good, despised and disregarded, perhaps, in their day, have descended to us, and are still to be found. As the seminal principles of plants, borne through the wide spaces of the air by their downy wings, find at length a congenial spot in which to settle down and vegetate, these seeds of virtue and happiness, floating down the current of time, are still arrested from age to age by some kindred mind, in which they germinate and produce their golden fruit. No intellect can conjecture in how many instances, and to what degree, every fit moral precept may have come between the reason and passions of some one, balancing between the course of happiness and ruin, and may have inclined the scale in his favour. The consciousness of even an effort to achieve one such triumph is a sufficient satisfaction to a virtuous mind.—*Drow's Art of Being Happy.*

A TAKE OF THE OLDEN TIME.—On the farm of Kilhenzie, near Maybole, occupied by Mr Kennedy,

the property of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bart., stand, on a commanding eminence, the ruins of the Castle of Kilhenzie, which was one of the strongholds in feudal times of the ancient family of Cassillis; and on the slope of the declivity, to the south, a few yards only from the wall, is a noble ash, venerable from its years, and most imposing in appearance from its vast dimensions. The trunk, from the highest point among its widely-spread roots, to that at which the arms branch off, measures fourteen feet. The girth of this stem, which is all nearly equal, is twenty-two feet; and its solid contents three hundred and eight feet. In a severe storm, some years ago, it lost one of its main arms, which has reduced its original size; but exclusive of its light branches, it yet contains six hundred feet of solid wood. Its height is not remarkable, as the limbs are widely spread, extending as nearly as possible over one-eighth of an acre. The tree is yet apparently strong and healthy, considerable interest having been taken by the worthy baronet on whose property it stands, for its preservation in its old state.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

I winna sing o' bluidy deeds an' war's war's alarms;
For glancin' awa' an' prancin' steeds for me possess nae charms;
But I will sing o' happiness which fire-side bosoms feel
While listenin' to the birrin' sound o' Scotland's Spinnin'-wheel.

The Spinnin'-wheel! the Spinnin'-wheel! the very name is dear;
It minds me o' the winter nights, the blithest o' the year;
O' cozie hours in hamely ha's, while frozen was the weel
In ilka burn—while lassies sang by Scotland's Spinnin'-wheel.

It minds me o' the happy time when, in our boyish glee,
At barley-bracks, we laughin' chased ilk kimmer we could see,
Or danced, while loud the bagpipes rang, the Highland foursome
reel—

There's naething dowie brought to mind by Scotland's Spinnin'-wheel.

The auld wife by the ingle sits an' draws her cannie thread;
It hauds her baith in milk an' meal, an' a' thing she can need;
An' glesome scenes o' early days upo' her spirit steal,
Brought back to warm her wither'd heart by Scotland's Spinnin'-wheel!

O! there is gladsome happiness, while round the fire are set
The youngsters—when shint the backs a happy pair are met,
Who w'e a silent kiss o' love their blessed paction seal,
While sittin' in their truth aside auld Scotland's Spinnin'-wheel!

O! weel I lo'e the blackbird's sang in spring-time o' the year;
O! weel I lo'e the wudland's croon, in merry May to hear;
But o' the swan's o' love an' joy, there's nae I lo'e sae weel—
There's nae sae pleasant—as the birr o' Scotland's Spinnin'-wheel.
—Poems by Robert Nicoll, 1833.

WHY CANNOT APES TALK?—I have been asked by men of the first education and talent, whether any thing really deficient had been discovered in the organs of voice in the orang-outang to prevent him from speaking. The reader will give me leave to place this matter correctly before him. In speaking, there is first required a certain force of expired air, or an action of the whole muscles of respiration; in the second place, the vocal chords in the top of the wind-pipe must be drawn into accordance by their muscles, else no vibration will take place, and no sound issue; thirdly, the open passages of the throat must be expanded, contracted, or extended by their numerous muscles, in correspondence with the condition of the vocal chords, or glottis; and these must all sympathise before even a simple sound is produced. But to articulate that sound, so that it may become a part of a conventional language, there must be added an action of the pharynx, of the palate, of the tongue and lips. The exquisite organisation for all this is not visible in the organs of the voice as they are called—it is to be found in the nerves which combine all these various parts in one simultaneous act. The meshes of the spider's web, or the cordage of a man of war, are few and simple compared with the concealed filaments of nerves which move these parts; and if but one be wanting, or its tone or action disturbed in the slightest degree, every body knows how a man will stand with his mouth open, twisting his tongue and lips in vain attempts to utter a word. It will now appear that there must be distinct lines of association suited to the organs of voice—different to combine them in the bark of a dog, in the neighing of a horse, or in the shrill whistle of the ape. That there are wide distinctions in the structure of the different classes of animals, is most certain; but, independently of those which are apparent, there are secret and minute varieties in the associating chords. The ape, therefore, does not articulate—first, because the organs are not perfect to this end; secondly, because the nerves do not associate these organs in the variety of action which is necessary to speech; and, lastly, were all the exterior apparatus perfect, there is no impulse to that act of speaking.—*Sir C. Bell on the Hand.*

NEGRO VANITY.—Hitherto negroes have devoted very little attention to the comforts of their cottages. At present, dress is the great article of expense. On Sunday, the men are dressed in as good clothes as their masters; indeed, they wear only the finest quality; and the women are equally particular; they will have whatever costs most money. As they advance in civilisation, and acquire a taste for domestic comforts, they will discover how unsuitable their dresses are to their condition, and that their money may be more rationally employed than in the purchase of finer clothes than their station requires. The negroes are universally fond of dancing; it is a great honour to open a ball, and this honour is awarded to the negro who will pay most for it: the biddings sometimes reach a doubloon—about L.3, 4s. sterling.—*Innes's Letter to*

Lord Glenelg, respecting the West India Colonies. (The anecdote relates more particularly to Antigua.)

THE BRITISH MODE OF FIGHTING.—Although we islanders have been satisfied from our infancy that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen, foreigners, who are not convinced of the fact by such early impressions, may, and no doubt do often, ask (themselves at least, if not others) how it is that the English soldier beats all the world. The true reason is, that he combines the principles of both attack and defence. If in position, he does not await the shock of his enemy; but when the latter arrives within distance, he instinctively pounces upon him with a strength and velocity, which his astonished opponent, out of breath perhaps, and weakened by the steady fire of the British ranks, has not the power to withstand. Another reason for the superiority of the British infantry is their mode of attack in line, which, I believe, is peculiar to our army. I know of no other that has adopted it. Since the invention of gunpowder, the formation in column has lost its chief power. It is peculiarly exposed to the effect of artillery; and when opposed to a line, it cannot possibly return a fire by any means equal to that which is directed against it. It is, besides, wholly dependent on the few men which compose its front; and if these turn tail, it is all over with the column. The Duke of Wellington's mode of resisting these attacks was this: he doubled up the battalion in their front, placed one on each flank, and then, when the fire from the artillery and the line had produced its effect, he charged the column simultaneously in front and flank. This manœuvre has invariably proved successful. In ordinary cases, the assailants have the advantage in the open field; first, because they are generally able to bring to bear on one point a larger force than the defendants have to oppose it; and next, because the circumstance of their being the attacking force gives them confidence, and *vice versa*. But on the British system of defence the superiority of force is more than compensated by the advantage of ground, by the fire of well-placed batteries, as well as of the line itself, the freshness of the defenders, and the exhausted state of the assailants, while confidence, as long as he is well commanded, is never wanting to the British soldier.—*Twenty Years in Retirement.*

PICKLING OF MEAT.—Professor Rafinesque denounces the use of saltpetre in brine intended for the preservation of flesh to be kept for food. That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid, or aquafortis, a deadly poison. Animal flesh, previous to the addition of pickle, consists of gelatinous and fibrous substances, the former only possessing a nutritious virtue. This gelatin is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre; and, as the professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be as leather is from raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning. He ascribes to the pernicious effects of the chemical change all the diseases which are common to mariners, and others who subsist principally on salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, &c.; and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in the making of pickle for beef, pork, &c.; the best substitute for which, he says, is sugar, a small quantity rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable. This statement ought to be made known to all, and recommended to farmers, butchers, packers of sea provisions, and all those who are in the habit of curing their own meat.—*Mirror.*

A HIGHLAND MARTINET.—The Highlander, wherever he serves, still maintains his ancient national characteristics. Here, as elsewhere, he is distinguished by a lofty, independent bearing, that almost amounts in appearance, but in appearance only, to an insolent insubordination; and he not unfrequently exhibits a somewhat arrogant assumption of knowing exactly his duty, and a dogged determination not to overstep it a single inch. This has recently been exemplified in a ludicrous occurrence that took place here. A medical officer, not very popular in the regiment, observed one day, on quitting the military hospital, that a Highlander on duty did not give him the customary salute. The doctor stood still, looking fiercely at the sentinel, as well to remind him of his neglect as to afford him an opportunity of repairing his remissness. "What for d'ye look at me?" said Sandy, with an oblique toss of the head, and a sarcastic wrinkling of the upper lip and nose. "You don't know me, perhaps," replied the outraged Esculapian, "or don't know your duty?" "Know ye!" said Sandy, with a look of ineffable disdain; "I know ye weel enou", and know my duty too; and that is to salute the *uniform* of the service; but if folk choose to come here without the regulation cap, they needna look for the compliment frae the like o' me."—*Dr Hogg's Visit to Damascus.*

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